

A
 REVIEW
 OF THE
 STATE
 OF THE
 BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, October 14. 1708.

Mad Man.

AND have I not often told you, that the World is mad, *stark-mad*, and offer'd you to prove it? Have I not prov'd you all mad, mad in your Peace, and mad in your War; mad in your Fastings, and *stark-mad* in your Thanksgivings? And would you have me come to Particulars, now I have one for you?

Review. What is it that troubles you now? Pray.

M. Why, have you a Mind to a mad Story?

Rev. If it be worth while, I shall be glad of it.

M. Was there ever such a mad Action, as Men carrying Gun-Powder on Horseback thro' an Enemy's Camp? —

Rev. I'll tell you two good Lessons may be learn'd from it. 1. That certainly the *French* wanted Ammunition, or else they would never have taken such a desperate Method for bringing it in. 2. We may learn the entire Subjection the *French* Soldiers (as well as Officers too) are in to the Commands of their Prince.

AC. Sat.

M. Subjection do you call it? — You should call it Hellish Bondage. Horrid Madness! *Bedlam* is a Fool to it, there is not a Man in *Bedlam* so mad—— *Why*, 'tis tying a Man to his Horse with the D...l upon his Back; 'tis giving him a full Assurance that he shall be destroy'd; 'tis not lifting him to fight, but lifting him to die—— He does not carry his Life in his Hand, *as we call it*, he carries his Death in his Hand, and as certainly is to be torn to pieces if he fights, as that he has a Name—— Would any King in the World put his Subjects to such a Piece of Work as this, that valued them above the Price of Dogs and Vermin? — Or would any Subjects consent or subject themselves to such a Piece of Service, but such as were sunk below the Sence of Liberty, and acted just as the Brutes by meer Mathematical or Organical Instigation? —— What Name will you give to this, either in the Command or the Obedience? Is it not all the Extream of Lunacy?

Rev. It is a Sign of the desperate Case of the *French* Affairs; it is a Sign of the Depravity of Reason, when subjected to Tyranny; it is a Sign, Tyrants are served by none but mad Men, and indeed that none but mad Men are qualify'd to serve a Tyrant. I am not upon your Philosophical Inferences, but upon Political Inferences; it is a Sign, 1. That the Town was really in Want of Ammunition, and that, holding out longer than they expected, They, as well as the Be-

siegers, wanted Ammunition for such a vigorous tedious Piece of Work, as this has prov'd to be. 2. 'Tis an evident Proof, that the City of *Lisle* is of such Consequence to *France*, that nothing can be so hazardous, nothing so mad, nothing so desperate, that they would not do to save it—— 'Tis a Proof of what I have said before, that if *Petit Paris* fall, (*so they call Lisle*) *Paris Grand* will tremble, and nothing can be too great to attempt, for the preventing such a Blow to their Affairs.

M. You might have added a Third, if you had look'd but round you, and reflected a little.

Rev. What's that?

M. You might have said, it is a Sign they have no Thought of surrendering, a Sign after all you have talk'd of a general Storm, of assaulting the Breaches, and such as that, they have no Fear upon them of your carrying the Town Sword in hand, as you us'd to talk in your cold Blood Coffee-House War—but that if they have but Powder, they will show you a great Deal of Sport, *as the Men of Blood call it*, still, before you get the Town—— We have been told Days without Number, that to morrow shall be a Storm on this Breach, and the next Day upon that, and that then the Town will be taken, and then the *Mareschal Bouffleurs* must capitulate—— Others say, if he does not capitulate, the Town will be plunder'd, and the like—— I say, pray *G O D* it be true, that they want Powder; for as for Hearts to defend the Works,

Works, and strong Works to defend, we must give them their Due as Enemies, they want neither, nor was ever any Town in the World better defended, not *Buda*, no not *Scutin*, if we consider the Power and Resolution of the Assailants, the Fury of the Attacks, the prodigious Number of Cannon and Mortars, and the Length of Time already spent in the Siege——But to leave that, and return to this Piece of Service I am speaking——What a Condition is Mankind come to, that let the Exigencies of State be what they will, such a Piece of Work as that can be put upon them, that they should be expos'd to do the most destructive and dangerous Thing, human Wit could invent; if they would have done it, they should have loaded on Horses, and ty'd them all together, and kept them in the middle of the Body, and so gone before and behind as a Guard But to put Gun-Powder and a Soldier together, give him his Fire-Arms before him, and his Magazine behind him, a Condition in which he had not the Equality of 1 to 50 for his Life, if he was attack'd——The Case was too desperate for Men of Honour to command, or for Men of Honour to submit to——

Rev. Such Things have been done before now.

M. Whenever it was, it was a Test of Tyranny, and a Proof that there are much greater Lunacies out of *Bedlam* than in it.

Rev. There will be madder Things than these done before this War be

over; for I think, this War was hardly ever said to be carry'd on in earnest till now.

M. Yes, ever since the Battle of *Hockstet*——It was then the King of *France* told us it was in earnest, and he has found it so ever since.

Rev. How was that? Pray.

M. Why, when the first News was brought him of the Loss of that Battle, he did not, like the *Roman* Emperor, cry out, *O Tallard, give me my Legions again*——But with a Resolution like himself, *El bien la Guerre donc est Commence*. Well, well——Now the War is begun; and indeed ever since that it has been a War, it was little before but a Trade, a general Cabal of one Part of Mankind to prey upon, and destroy another——But now 'tis carry'd on like a War, and both Sides seem to be in earnest; where it will end, I shall not pretend to say——I am not mad enough to attempt it.

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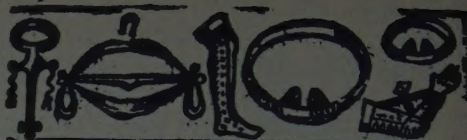
T H E

THE Creditors of King *Charles*, King *James*, and King *William*, are desir'd to bring in their particular Cases, that they may be stated for the Parliament; they are also requested to see the Petition and to give their Approbation. The Agents for the Army at *London-Derry*, the Cities and Towns of *York*, *Berwick*, *Notwich*, *Ipswich*, *Northampton*, *Maidstone*, *Basingstoke*, *Midhurst*, *Hungerford*, *Ferf*, *Plymouth*, *Newport*, and all Others, concern'd in cloathing the Army in 1677, are desir'd to send in their Claims, to their Place of Meeting, by the *Parliament stairs* in *Old Belline-Yard Westminster*; there is a Note on the Door, where Daily Attendance is given, from 9 of the Clock in the Morning till Night, to settle the particular Cases to be laid before the Parliament. All great Debts to the Army, Transports, Navy, Victualling-Office, Wardrobe, and all other Great Debts, are excus'd from paying any Charge to carry it on, until they receive their Money.

These are to give Notice,

That *MARY KIRLEUS*, the Widow of *JOHN KIRLEUS*, Son of *Dr. THO. KIRLEUS*, a Sworn-Physician, in Ordinary to King *Charles II.* Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experience'd above 50 Years (by an uncommon Method) to cure all Ulcers, ores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvy, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate VENEREAL Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Preparations: These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues: the many miserable Ones that have been happily cured, after given over by others, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the Distressed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3 s. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. the Box with Directions, and Advice *Gratis*. NOTE, The Patient may be effectually cur'd by sending his Grief in Writing.

††† She lives at the *Golden-Ball* in *Hand-Court*, over against *great Turnstile* in *Holborn*.



BARTLETT's Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd So Universal Esteem, are now, yet farther Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the Shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to Infants of a Day Old, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked. By P. Bartlett at the *Golden Ball* by the *Ship Tavern* in *Prescot Street* in *Goodmans Fields*, *London*.

NOTE, He forges and finishes his Trusses himself, by which means he daily Improves his Inventions.

† I *Thomas Pritchard*, at the *Saracens-Head* in *Little Carter Lane*, near *St. Paul's*, *London*, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to *Mr. Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Prescot-Street* in *Goodman's-Fields*, *London*, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprise, and my Son has remain'd well ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I *Richard Baker*, of *Lawrence-Polneys Lane*, *Cannonstreet*, *London*, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late *Mr. Christopher Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* by the *Tavern* in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*; who, by his ingenious Invention of *Spring-Trusses* and *Rupture Spirits*, with the Blessing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since, which is about four, or five Years.

NOTE, His Son *P. Bartlett* lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly instructed therein.